

Jewish Vocational Service and the Goldstines for their work in meeting a great need. At the same time, the Goldstines have helped sustain the commitment of the Jewish Vocational Service to individuals at every level of the work force who seek employment opportunities.

Mr. Speaker, we ask our colleagues to join with us in saluting the Goldstines for their extraordinary service to the Los Angeles community. We wish them continued happiness and success in their endeavors.

### THE POLITICS OF PATERNITY LEAVE

HON. PATRICIA SCHROEDER

OF COLORADO

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Wednesday, September 20, 1995*

Mrs. SCHROEDER. Mr. Speaker, today I want to give thanks to Tom McMakin who in the September 25 issue of Newsweek, wrote a moving opinion piece that reminds us that the Government can be a force that helps the American family and fosters family values. In a time when bashing the Government is as popular as ever, Mr. McMakin took the time to point out how the Family and Medical Leave Act, a bill I first introduced in 1985 and Congress passed into law in 1993 has helped him in his new role as father to his 4-month-old daughter Valerie.

Tom McMakin's words are an inspirational "thank you" to the many Members of both sides of the aisle who worked, compromised, and persevered so that American families could bond with their newborns or take care of elderly parents without sacrificing their economic security.

As Mr. McMakin states in his article, the Government is not bad, but is "an expression of our collective will." Now, as we are debating bills that are going to significantly effect the lives of all Americans we should keep in mind what is really important to the millions of people who are like Tom McMakin.

[From Newsweek, Sept. 25, 1995]

THE POLITICS OF PATERNITY LEAVE

(By Tom McMakin)

Valerie's asleep now, having snacked most of the morning, fussed and finally closed the brightest blue eyes I've ever seen. Quiet moments like these are rare when you are taking care of a 4-month-old. When she sleeps, it's time for me to mix more formula, wipe the counter, call about life insurance and then, if time allows, break open the laptop and sit down to write for a few minutes. Welcome to paternity leave, a spicy stew of belches and smiles. DPT shots, heavy warm diapers and the odd moment of reflection.

The idea that fathers should take time off from work to be with their newborn children is a relatively new one, but it's an idea that is long overdue. Two years ago, time at home with Valerie would not have been possible. But thanks to the Family and Medical Leave Act of 1993, here I am changing my daughter's diapers and enjoying her first gurgles and giggles. Who would have thought it? A bunch of faraway lawmakers passed legislation, and it profoundly affected my life. Their law, PL103-3, requires that companies with more than 25 employees allow them to take up to 12 weeks of uncompensated time off to care for their children. Because of this legislation my life is richer.

Much richer. This bundle of sweet smells I call my daughter has given me the gift of

new sight. A trip to the supermarket used to be a dreaded errand; now it is the highlight of my week. Valerie has taught me to look beyond our store's confusion of brands and hype and focus on the colors, shapes and happy chatter that make each visit a carnival of sight and sound. We squeal at the celery, spit heartily at the dairy rack and shrink in terror at the sight of the frozen turkeys. The moving counter by the cash register is a revelation.

A walk downtown has been similarly transformed. Everyone loves a baby. And we love them back for it. People I've never spoken with, but have passed on the street many times before, smile and ask how old she is. To be a baby, I've learned, is to live in a friendly, welcoming world. But it's not just her world; it's mine too. Because of my time home with Valerie, I'm also much more understanding of children and parents. I rush to help a mom with a stubborn car door or a dad whose youngest is on the verge of straying. I smile at mischievous kids, happy to see them speeding off in this direction or that, ruining their parents' best-laid plans.

I have paternity leave to thank for teaching me these and other lessons (never dump formula in cold water—it doesn't mix). I am grateful to my wife and to my employer for encouraging me in my decision to stay home and am grateful to a government that made taking this time possible.

Sadly, when Valerie and I walk downtown and stop at the local coffee shop, we hear people talking about government in two ways, neither of them very good. They say that government is either ineffective or misguided, with most agreeing that it is both. It is not hard to understand why the ranchers and business people clustered around the small Formica tables think this way. In our state of Montana, the public owns 39 percent of all land. That means there are legions of federal, state and local managers running around doing surveys, convening task forces, forming policy and interpreting regulations. With so much at stake and with so many bureaucrats in action, it is inevitable that these well-intentioned civil servants make mistakes. When they do, the mistakes are widely discussed and greatly criticized.

That's a shame. Somewhere in the rush to criticize, we have failed to see the forest for the trees. While Bozo the Clown may run a public agency or two, I cannot escape the fact that my sitting here today trading coos with my daughter is a salute to the possibility inherent in public action. On Feb. 5, 1993, our representatives in Washington decided it was important that families be allowed to spend time together when they most needed it and, more important, that wage earners should not lose their jobs while caring for a dying mother or recuperating from a serious operation or spending time with a newborn. In my book, that bad boy of American culture, Congress, did something right when it passed this law.

The citizenry of this country has expanding and contracting tastes in what it wants its government to do, not unlike the members of the credit union to which I belong. One year we may ask the credit union's management to make sweeping changes, add more services and expand the types of loans it is willing to make. And then that energy runs its course and the membership elects a new board or hires a new manager to trim costs and services. When we ask the credit union to add services, we are not suggesting that credit unions ought to take over the world. By the same token, when we ask it to cut services, we are not saying credit unions are worthless. It's more like riding a horse up a hill: you might go to the left for a while and then to the right, but, even with the zigs

and zags, you are still headed in one direction—toward the top.

In this current season of scaling back government—both Republicans and Democrats seem to agree that this is a good thing these days—my hope is we remember that government is capable of doing things and doing them well. I work 40 hours a week because my great-grandfather voted for a reform Congress at the end of the last century. My savings at the credit union are insured because my grandmother voted for FDR. My dad put Eisenhower and a forward-looking Congress in place in the late '50s. As a result, it takes me one hour to travel to Butte and not two, on an interstate-highway system. Government isn't bad in and of itself. It isn't some malevolent Beltway-girdled ogre perched on the banks of the Potomac. It is, rather, an expression of our collective wills.

But wait. Valerie is stirring. Little wet slimy hands await. I need to warm a bottle, find a fresh diaper, pad upstairs and quietly make sure she is serious about ending this nap, and finally peek over the side of the crib and drink in that bright, beautiful smile that never fails to remind me why I so like being a dad at home.

### IN MEMORY OF POLICE OFFICER MELVIN KEDDY

HON. WILLIAM H. ZELIFF, JR.

OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Wednesday, September 20, 1995*

Mr. ZELIFF. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to pay tribute to the cherished memory of Police Officer Melvin Alan Keddy, who was struck and killed while directing traffic at the scene of another accident. Mel Keddy is remembered by all who knew him as a good police officer and a friend.

The community has shown their love, respect, and friendship by the many messages left on the roadside, wooden cross erected at the site of Officer Mel Keddy's fatal accident. His friends and neighbors have left flowers, candles, messages, and balloons at this makeshift memorial.

As Police Chief Philip Consentino of neighboring Atkinson said, "Every police officer knows deep in his heart that every day you put on your badge, you can be killed in the line of duty. You don't expect it will happen, but when you see something like this, you know your fears are real and it could happen to you."

At the time of his death, Mel Keddy had been organizing a golf tournament to benefit the East Kingston Drug Abuse Resistance Education [DARE] Program. The fundraiser for the DARE Program typifies the life and career of Officer Keddy. He was a loyal friend, a dedicated officer, and always willing to take on another task to help improve the community where he lived.

Mr. Speaker, I ask my colleagues to join with me in honoring the life and service of Police Officer Mel Keddy and join me in expressing the heartfelt sympathy of the Members of the U.S. Congress to his son, Shayne, his daughter, Shyre, and his mother, Genieva A. Keddy.